LITERARY FOUNDLINGS:

VERSE AND PROSE,

COLLECTED IN

CANTERBURY, N.Z.

"Perhaps 'tis pretty to force together
Thoughts so all unlike each other."

CHRISTABEL.

CHRISTCHURCH:
PRINTED AT THE "TIMES" OFFICE, GLOUCESTER STREET.
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ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS Collection has been made with the object of helping the funds of the Christchurch Orphan Asylum, and will be first offered for sale at the Bazaar about to be held in behalf of that institution. Consisting, as it does, entirely of the productions of Canterbury writers, it is hoped that some interest may be taken by Canterbury people in this little Collection.

The Editor sincerely thanks his Contributors for the help they have given him. He must also express his obligations to Messrs. Ward and Reeves for their kindness in assisting him in the expenses of publication.

CHRISTCHURCH, N.Z., March, 1864.

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THE PREFACE.

THE great amount of labour involved in the production of the innumerable works of art, useful and ornamental, exhibited in the Bazaar for the benefit of the Christchurch Orphan Asylum, has had a most singular and unexpected effect. It has been found that the perpetual snipping and paring and shaping and trimming and stitching and poking and pushing and pulling and drawing and sketching and ingenious handicraft of every conceivable sort, has eventuated, so to speak, in a kind of restless and mental activity. The result of this has been the production of the following intellectual Orphans or Literary Foundlings, as they may be called, which the promoters of the Bazaar have felt bound to take under their especial protection.

They are accordingly presented to the public in the following neat and unpretending volume, which is dedicated with the deepest respect, and without permission, to all its purchasers.

Matter for interesting psychological speculation is suggested by the question, how far the artistic labours of the Contributors to the Bazaar have had an appreciable effect on their literary performances. It is not within the scope of this preface to enter on the investigation of a subject so profound. It must be apparent that no hope of its being satisfactorily examined could be entertained, unless it were handed over to a Commission of transcendental American Philosophers, who, by the aid of psychometry or spirit-rapping, might thoroughly sound its depths and lay them bare for our edification.

The limits within which these prefatory remarks must necessarily be confined, forbid the indulgence of any such conjectural

and discursive vein. It is hoped that it will be found, on inspection, how abundant is the food for reflection contained in the following volume, and how well worthy it is of the patronage of those to whom it is inscribed.

Grave and gay will find their taste consulted in it, and it will at once be perceived that the price is all that could be desired. Dogberry reckoned himself a man of worship because he had had losses. A fashionable Milliner recommends some article among her wares because it is *so* expensive, and Literary Foundlings would not be out of the fashion if they could help it.

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Sonnets written in 1853 and 1854.

I.

CANTERBURY IN SEPTEMBER 1853,

At the commencement of Provincial Government, when the Constitution Act came into operation.

As when a stream, long chafing to be free
From narrowing banks that do its course refrain,
From rocky islet's intercepting chain,
And tangled overgrowth and drifting tree,
Forth bursts at length from dull obscurity,
And sweeps majestic through a boundless plain;
So have I seen an infant State remain
Long trammel'd by obstructive policy,
Misgovernment, official prejudice;
Numb'd by suspense and chill'd by mystery.
At length free scope is giv'n. I see it rise
Strong, active, self-reliant. May we see,
Who watch thy course with loving anxious eyes,
Thy promise ripen to maturity!

II.

"GREECE IS WHERE THE GREEKS ARE."

"'Tis Greece where Greeks do dwell." So spake and thought
That ancient race. The isle-embroider'd sea
Was sprinkled with their towns; lo! spreading free
One Greece in many lands. May *we* be taught
By them to love our country as we ought!
'Tis not thy soil, O England! nor thy scenes,
Though oft on these home-wand'ring fancy leans;
'Tis not alone th' historic fervour caught
From old association; not thy marts,

Nor e'en thy grey cathedrals, nor thy wells
Of ancient learning, though for these our hearts
May fondly yearn; true love of country tells
A better tale—thy Church, thy laws, thy arts—
'Tis England where an English spirit dwells!

III.

AN HISTORIC PICTURE.

Behold, O England! from thy sea-girt throne
The daughter-nations gath'ring to thy feet;
From East and West, from North and South they meet,
Those thou hast rear'd and claimest for thine own!
Bid them draw near, survey them one by one.
See, last of all, before thee trembling stoop
The youngest daughter of the circling group,
By filial look and close resemblance known—
She kneels before thee and thy blessing seeks!
Heir of thy glorious past, she craves to be
Heir of thy virtues—all that hist'ry speaks
Of brave, large-hearted, noble, wise, in thee,
Thy truth, thy justice, and that light which streaks
Thy foulest page, thy native piety.

IV.

THE RIVER AVON.

Fies nobilium tu quoque fontium.—*Hor.*

I love thee, Avon! though thy banks have known
No deed of note, thy wand'ring course along
No Bard of Avon hath pour'd forth in song
Thy tuneful praise; thy modest tide hath flown
For cent'ries on, unheeded and alone.
I love thee for thy English name, but more

Because my countrymen along thy shore
Have made new homes. Therefore not all unknown
Henceforth thy streams shall flow. A little while
Shall see thy wastes grow lovely. Not in vain
Shall England's sons dwell by thee many a mile.
With verdant meads and fields of waving grain
Thy rough uncultur'd banks ere long shall smile;
Heav'n-pointing spires shall beautify thy plain.

V.

ON THE ARRIVAL OF THE NEWS OF THE BATTLE OF SINOPE, IN MAY, 1854.

Assyrios complexa sinus stat *opima* Sinope.—*Val. Flac.*

Well-nigh two thousand years have sped their flight
Since the proud Roman trod beneath his feet
Thy wealth, Sinope! Thy sea-bord'ring street,
Strew'd with barbaric spoil, confess'd the might
Of the world's victors. Still, untam'd in fight,
The Pontic hero all undaunted stood,
A rock unmov'd amidst a whelming flood.
Once more Sinope mourns a tearful sight;
The Northern Eagle swoops, his wrath to wreak
In savage fury on his helpless prey.
God help thee, England! to defend the weak!
Who groan beneath Oppression's scorching ray
Thy island-covert shall not vainly seek;
The Tyrant shall not prosper in his day.

Note on "The Tempest."

Act III, Scene 1.

When Prince Ferdinand was wrecked on the island, Miranda was fifteen years old: we can hardly suppose that she had ever seen Ariel, and Caliban was a detestable object whom her father took good care to keep as much out of her way as possible. Caliban was like the man cook on a back-country run. "'Tis a villain, Sir," says Miranda, "I do not love to look on." "But as 'tis," returns Prospero, "we cannot miss him: he does make our fire, fetch in our wood, and serve in offices that profit us." Hands were scarce, and Prospero was obliged to put up with Caliban in spite of the many drawbacks with which his services were attended; in fact, no one on the island could have liked him; for Ariel owed him a grudge on the score of the cruelty with which he had been treated by Sycorax; and we have already heard what Miranda and Prospero had to say about him. He may therefore pass for nobody. Prospero was an old man, or at any rate, in all probability, some forty years of age; therefore, it is no wonder that when Miranda saw Prince Ferdinand she should have fallen violently in love with him. "Nothing ill," according to her view, "could dwell in such a temple—if the ill Spirit have so fair an house, good things will strive to dwell with 't." A very natural sentiment for a girl in Miranda's circumstances, but nevertheless, one which betrayed a charming inexperience of the ways of the world, and of the real value of good looks. What surprises us, however, is this, namely, the remarkable celerity with which Miranda in a few hours became so thoroughly wide awake to the exigencies of the occasion, in consequence of her love for the Prince. Prospero has set Ferdinand to hump firewood out of the bush, and to pile it up for the use of the cave. Ferdinand is for the present a

sort of cadet, a youth of good family, without cash, and unaccustomed to manual labor; his unlucky stars have landed him on the island, and now it seems that he "must remove some thousands of these logs and pile them up, upon a sore injunction." Poor fellow! Miranda's heart bleeds for him. Her "affections were most humble;" she had been content to take Ferdinand on speculation. On first seeing him, she had exclaimed, "I have no ambition to see a goodlier man;" and it makes her blood boil to see this divine creature compelled to such an ignominious and painful labor. What is the family consumption of firewood to her? Let Caliban do it; let Prospero do it; or make Ariel do it; let her do it herself; or let the lightning come down and "burn up those logs you are enjoined to pile;"—the logs themselves, while burning, would weep for having wearied him. Come what would, it was a shame to make Ferdinand work so hard, so she winds up thus: "My father is hard at study; pray now rest yourself—*he's safe for these three hours.*" Safe. If she had only said that "papa was safe," the sentence would have been purely modern, and have suited Thackeray as well as Shakspeare. See how quickly she has learnt to regard her father as one to be watched, and probably kept in a good humor for the sake of Ferdinand. We suppose that the secret of the modern character of this particular passage lies simply in the fact that young people make love pretty much in the same way now that they did three hundred years ago; and possibly, with the exception that "the governor" may be substituted for the words "my father," by the young ladies of three hundred years hence, the passage will sound as fresh and as modern then as it does now. Let the Prosperos of that age take a lesson, and either not allow the Ferdinands to pile up firewood, or so arrange their studies as not to be "safe" for any three consecutive hours. It is true that Prospero's objection to the match was only feigned, but Miranda thought otherwise, and for all purposes of argument, we are justified in supposing that he was in earnest.

The Good Old Days.

ADDRESSED TO AN ANTEDILUVIAN.

The good old days, we bid them hail,
Long time before the flood, Sir,
Of tag and rag and eke bobtail
Had covered us with mud, Sir.
When Pilgrims in romantic mood
Came trooping o'er the ocean,
And all things seemed so smooth and good,
We never felt the motion.

Few houses then were seen upon
The hill side up and down, Sir,
And what is now a Lyttel—ton
Was but a little town, Sir.
Joint families in tents were pent,
When houses were not rented,
So if we were not quite content,
At least we were con—tented.

Then boxes did not let us stand,
However chairs might fail, Sir,
We milked the cows that came to hand
In foot-pans for a pail, Sir.
We all were in a humble way,
Yet some alas were boasters!
Who underneath the tables lay,
And made them out—four-posters.

This was the joke we used to hear
From many a merry wag, Sir,
" We'll pay for things, which we call *dear*,
" With money by the *Stag*, Sir."

O money then was very tight,
It could not well be tighter,
But still our hearts were always light,
Our purse alone was lighter.

Our fare was *low*, in point of flesh,
Tub pork, and *salted* beef, Sir,
With only now and then a *fresh*
Of mutton as relief, Sir;
Yet when by jovial raptures taught
We ventured to be merry,
O then Victoria was our—Port,
Marsala was our Sherry.

* * * * * *

The good old days before us rise,
A vision often near, Sir,
They win our smiles, or force our sighs,
But still their memory's dear, Sir:
We trust an influence, all their own,
No change from us shall sever,
And may the seed, that then was sown,
Yield fruit to last for ever.

Perseverance.

I lay among the reedy sedge,
As the river hurried by,
And the long grass bent to the evening breeze
In whispering harmony.

But the rippling tide came from the sea,
And checked the current's flow,
And the mingled waters were still and deep,
Beneath the sunset glow.

And I thought it is thus in human life
With many a purpose high,
Which, checked by the tide of obstacles,
Despairs of victory.

And I mused thereon, till a silent voice
Within me, made reply,—
The stream still flows, it only waits
Its opportunity.

And thus the patient heart must strive,
Though strife be hard and long;
The tide that now o'erflows thy course
Will ebb if thou art strong.

A Night at the Club: or, Christchurch in 1963.

SCENE: The Library.—Present: Old Prosy, the New Member, decanters, glasses, &c.

Old Prosy: It's a wonderful thing, James, how much the mind sympathises with the body, and when the frail tenement is in good condition, with what a happy self-complacence the inhabitant glows. I believe that a nice observer of literature might tell the very hour of the day in which any particular passage was written, and, from a close observation and collocation of the sentiments, might sketch a fair diary of the regimen of the author, and describe whether he dined alone on a solitary steak, or with an assemblage of wits on all the delicacies of the season.

New Member: There is something in that; and by reducing your theory to a science, much might be done for literature. The friendly critic might at once point out a fault and its remedy: sound port wine for despondent poets, and severe cathartics for the satirists and cynics. Of course our paternal Government would take it up, and think of the glorious spectacle to be presented by all Canterbury attending at the office of the "Board for the Regulation of the Public Digestion," to receive the bi-monthly pill that should ensure temper and argument to our writers, comprehension and submission to our readers! Why, we should get quit of the whole school of Sensation Novelists, not to mention the other ravings of mental dyspepsia.—By the bye, what is that pamphlet at your elbow?

Old Prosy: Professor Geo. Logie's "Attempt to prove that the Earth is an Animal." He considers earthquakes as symptoms of indigestion, brought on by imbibing too much atmospheric nutriment.

New Member: There is a review of it in the last "Anti-Creation Gazette." For my part, I rather incline to the theory of the "Anti-Chaos Society," that the earth works on a pivot. Have you seen Lady Darwina Buckle's new novel—"The History of a Family?"

Old Prosy: No, what is it?

New Member: The family is her own; and the history begins with the founder, a really delightful old baboon. There is an autobiographical sketch of his great grandson, which brought tears to my eyes. The heroic monkey had such clear views of the glorious destiny of his race, and such entire devotion to it, that he actually used to bite a slice off his eldest son's tail every morning before breakfast, in order to hasten its development. The only fault of the book is that it makes the modern Darwin-Buckles appear dull and tame by comparison.

Old Prosy: Didn't Lady Darwina's brother come to grief in Africa lately?

New Member: Yes; he went out to civilise Gorilladom. He got them to acknowledge the relationship; but in learning Gorilla, he forgot his English; and when they ceased to be afraid of his gun, they grew tired of him, so he got eaten one day.

Old Prosy: You were talking of Geology. Here is a letter to the Superintendent, suggesting that if a sufficient portion of the plains were sown with blue paper, carefully buried at a proper depth, the mineral formations might be brought to crop out in properly labelled parcels. It would be an immense saving of trouble to the Provincial Geologist.

New Member: It would so. Do you know anything of this Breach of Promise case? Young Lord Waimakariri and the Earl of Timaru's daughter. It is not the first scrape of the sort he has got into, is it?

Old Prosy: No. He was pulled up two years ago by the

"Board for the Regulation of Ballrooms" (of which my old friend the President of the "Anti-sitting-on-the-Stairs and Suppression-of-Flirting Society" is Chairman) for exciting false hopes in the gentle bosom of Miss Fanny Riccarton. He got out of that by explaining that Miss Fanny's hand being a large one, took him double time to shake, but that he had no intention of distinguishing her from her sisters.

New Member: He makes it a case of conscience this time, I hear, and appeals to the Ecclesiastical Courts.

Old Prosy: Yes. He says nothing would delight him more *now* than to marry Lady Louisa, but that it is well known that a man changes his identity every seven years; so, besides that, it goes against his principles to bind the coming Viscount to a wife who by that time mayn't suit him at all; he should feel it essential to be married over again at regular intervals, and he expects the clergy would object.

New Member: He's an ingenious youth, and I wish the Ecclesiastical authorities joy of him. How is the new Theatre going on?

Old Prosy: So, so. The legitimate drama seems defunct; though, by the bye, I see the Board of Education advertises a "Shakspeare adapted to the infant capacity," to follow the "Milton monosyllableized," now in use. However, Mr. Meshach Robinson has promised the manager a help.

New Member: He's collecting funds to import the All England Croquetiers, isn't he?

Old Prosy: Yes. Thirty young ladies are coming to play. They are to wear fancy dresses on the ground; but to insure success, they are to be seen nowhere else, unless they choose to go about in black stuff and coal-skuttle bonnets.

New Member: But the Theatre?

Old Prosy: Oh, the manager gives Meshach £50, and they

are to appear on the stage standing on their heads in a blaze of fireworks, to receive a gilt croquet stick from the first tragedian.

New Member: Well, we have had a pleasant chat; but how is it we have the library to ourselves?

Old Prosy: Oh, all the other members are gone to the dinner. Did you not know that to-day was the celebration of the Lyttelton and Christchurch Junction? We are becoming really a considerable town. Here comes one of the absentees full of news.

Third Member (entering): A splendid evening! Dinner capital! The new steam band playing all the time, only it's a pity the leader makes a row with his flageolet, on account of his boiler being in his inside. Waiting really perfect. As I came out, I saw a steam-butler salute a spring-housemaid with the greatest gallantry; and at the stable, a self-acting ostler put his comb between his teeth, and gave me change for half-a-crown with perfect facility and accuracy. But what is all this crowd in the street for?

Old Prosy (approaching window): Oh, they always turn out to look at "Jim Crow."

New Member: And who is Jim Crow?

Old Prosy: THE ONLY MAN IN CHRISTCHURCH WHO IS NOT A GOVERNMENT OFFICER. (Tremendous excitement. New Member rushes out, and into the wake of Jim Crow. Old Prosy goes to bed.)

Catherine.

I ask not for a matchless form,
A brilliant eye, a dazzling face;
Give me the charms that will be warm
When dead and cold is beauty's grace.
Some look for women half divine;
I love a mortal, Catherine.

Those eyes are bright enough for me,
That face, though not so passing fair,
Wins by its sweet simplicity,
And cheerfulness and sense are there;
Such charms are better than a mine
Of wealth and beauty, Catherine.

I care not though the world may think
That I am cold in praising thee,
Such coldness will not bid thee shrink,
But rather draw thine heart to me;
Falsehood will never make thee mine!
Will truth? will love? sweet Catherine.

A Tale I heard in the Bush.

THERE is nothing which makes a long ride in the bush on a burning day so bearable as having a pleasant companion;—not a rattle or a wit, least of all "a hargufying beggar," but a man who will talk calmly and pleasantly, rippling on like a brook,—the only sort of talk it does not make one hotter to listen to on a burning day. My companion in one of the most wearisome rides I ever had in Australia was, I have always been persuaded, a direct lineal descendant from Scheherazade, and the genius of the ancestress was prolonged in her offspring. He was the best story-teller I ever knew.

It was about mid-day that, passing over some low ranges, we came upon a station situated under the points of a hill in a rather pretty spot, and as we had a long way to go before arriving at the station to which we were journeying, we proposed to call in at the house in the valley on our right, and rest our horses for half-an-hour. It was not far out of our way, and we were soon there. I have always observed that you may completely tell the whole character of the master of a station in the back country by a single glance at the state of affairs round the house. It is all very well in ordinary life, where a man's character is over-laid by all the moral and social clothes of civilisation, and where he may be a sloven himself, and yet have things pretty tidy about him; but not so in the bush. "The master's eye maketh the ox fat," and the strength and orderly character of the master's mind will be patent—at least to those who can read without books—in the fences, sheep-yards, gardens, stables, and so on, as plainly as if he were an old friend whose disposition we knew by heart. I remember once asking a very clever man what he would begin to do if put down on the mother earth in a new country, with all to begin and every-

thing to do for himself. It was years before I had to do the same thing for myself, and as I had a hankering for emigrating, I was curious to hear what he would say. "My boy," the old man said, "I should sit down and cry!" And so he would, the dear old fellow, for he was not a Titan, only an excrescence of the civilized ages, though a beautiful and well-developed specimen.

Well, when we got to the yard of the station, I said to my friend, "There is not only a slovenly look about this place, but a sort of unprincipled look about it." He looked round and smiled at me significantly, saying "Very good; I'll tell you the story about them presently."

"Do you know him?" I asked.

"Well, no; but I know all about him."

"Is he a gentleman?"

"Yes and no. He is as good as many a gentleman in a drawing-room; but he is not gentleman enough for the bush."

"You're right there; it's only when the polish is off you can see the real fibre."

"Shall we go in there? No one seems to be about."

We tied up our horses in the sheds, went in, and, to make a long story short, had the usual bush fare on dirty plates, and in much discomfort—tea without milk, a nip of brandy, and again to horse. The lady of the house was pretty—in one sense of the word exceedingly pretty; but—well, poor woman! she gave us her hospitality, and so I will withhold my opinion, further than to say she was evidently wretched. The master we did not see; he was out on the run.

As we rode away our conversation naturally turned on the people we had left, when my friend told me the following story:—

Peter Gifford was an old gentleman who lived some years ago at a country town in the West of England. He was very

rich, and had made his money in business, having started in life with nothing. He was energetic, prudent, worldly wise, scrupulously honorable, and exceedingly cross. The mania of his declining years was that his son, a fine pink-and-white young man, as unlike his father as only sons can be unlike their fathers, should marry a lady of high birth, so that the taint of trade might be somewhat diluted in his grand-children. And yet the old man was not a bit ashamed of having been in trade himself; on the contrary, he was proud of having manufactured a colossal fortune out of brain and fingers. But still the contradictory old trade-nigger wanted to hug a trade-quadroon grandchild to his breast before lying down in that dust where we are ever professing, in all ways but by our actions, that all flesh is equal. He was a grand old man though so inconsistent—as inconsistent as a volcanic cliff streaked with the strata of successive explosions, in beautiful but incongruous juxtaposition. He was all rock, or, rather, two or three kinds of rock in one, but all hard. The pink-and-white youth was but the detritus of the parent craig. He was all soft, externally amiable, internally protected from the crushing process of "natural solution" by an element of deceit which pervaded his whole character. But if deceit was his guardian angel, passion and self-will were his evil spirits. Indeed, he was as incongruous a character as his father; for I never knew so soft a creature so obstinately self-willed, especially when a favorable opportunity presented itself of making an ass of himself. Well, Master Augustus, not sharing his father's predilection for aristocratic alliances, must needs fall in love with an extraordinarily lovely but low-born girl in the neighbourhood, who had just enough acquaintance with his "circumstances" and "prospects" to suggest to her that the sentinel over her heart's affections might be removed with a due regard to prudence. He, poor lad, fell passionately in love with her; she, after ample enquiries, walked gracefully and deliberately into love with him, and, once being in love, she could not very easily find her way out again. So, notwithstanding the dis-

comfort of the situation, she stayed there, earning the character of a constant and persecuted saint and martyr; for, as may be supposed, the rage of the sire, on hearing of his son's attachment to one in the accursed race of traders, knew no bounds, and expressed itself in terms which indicated that the old gentleman's anxiety for an alliance with the aristocracy had not induced him to adopt their manners. Young white-and-pink remained placid, obstinate, and respectful amidst the storms which the king of the domestic heavens raised about him; but not the less, when he left the presence, did he grind the enamel off his lovely teeth with rage and despair. But he was a cautious and prudent youth though passionately in love, and saw no charms in love in a cottage if love could be obtained in any superior description of abode. The old man was vigorous in his determination to sacrifice his son's happiness to his own mania for aristocratic grand-children. He swore by his chequebook that if Augustus married without his leave, he would make a will leaving every farthing of his property to the Premier Duke, and instantly poison himself, to prevent the possibility of changing his will.

How long the battle lasted between father and son I am unable to say, but for many weeks. At last the harder material won. White-and-pink gave way, and agreed to abandon his intended to poverty and despair. The fatal letter was written which explained with that inspired periphrasis attainable only by gentlemen in those difficult and delicate positions, that "circumstances over which he had no control" compelled him to forego the happiness to which he had aspired, &c., &c., &c.; in fine, the thing was at an end.

I will not trust myself to state the amount of the cheque which old Peter Gifford placed in his son's hands on hearing of this consummation of his dearest wishes. There was but one thing more—to find a blue-blooded spouse who would sell her pedigree for its equivalent in pence—and he could die a happy and righteous old man. These were his thoughts as he sat at

his breakfast table one morning, thoroughly enjoying his light teacake and fresh egg. White-and-pink sat at the opposite side of the table, a little downcast, apparently, at the result of the recent campaign. Conversation flagged, but the post was expected, and breakfast was not over when the little bag was placed on the table, and opened by the private key of the patriarch. For, let it be said, Peter had a peculiarity touching letters; though knives, pincers and hot ploughshares would not have induced him to open a letter addressed to any member of his household, he held it no breach of honor to turn each letter over and over, and speculate curiously on their contents, to inspect the hand-writing, the seal, the paper, the postmark, and to end by inventing the contents he could not read. One letter caught his instant attention; it was in a hand-writing he knew and hated—Frank Facias's, the democratic, poacher-defending, magistrate-irritating, blackguard country attorney, with his small-pox countenance and red hair—thence commonly called Fiery Facias.

"Why, Augustus, here is a letter for you from that beast Facias. What can he want with you?"

"I really don't know, sir; but I can soon see if you will give me the letter."

For the old gentleman was glowring over the missive, and envying the mystic powers of the clairvoyant. Augustus opened the letter which his father threw to him across the table, glanced lightly over the contents, and then gently threw it back, saying, "I think it will interest you, Sir."

It ran as follows:—

"PORTER *v.* GIFFORD.

"Sir,—We are instructed by Miss Lucy Porter to commence an action against you for damages incurred by a breach of promise of marriage on your part. A careful perusal of the correspondence in the case, which is forcible and voluminous, and a consideration of the expectations which you held out to

our client, entitles her to expect an amount of damages in the case proportioned to the injury she has received, and your own position and expectations in life. The damages have been laid at £15,000, and the whole of the correspondence is in the hands of the printer, in order to afford the several counsel retained in the case greater facilities for mastering its details. It will be for you, sir, to consider whether it is likely to promote your views in life, that the relations which have existed between yourself and our fair client should be thus exposed to the criticisms of the world. We are specially instructed that our client does not desire to pursue her cause with the relentless hostility of blighted affection, but simply demands such reparation at your hands as shall maintain before the world her unsullied character and entire purity of conduct.

"We are, sir, your obedient servants,

"WARRANT AND FACIAS."

I will not pretend to describe the scene that followed on that and many successive days. Old Gifford was frequently on the brink of apoplexy, whilst Master Augustus took it quite coolly from first to last. Indeed, one would have thought that it was old Peter who had jilted the girl instead of his good-looking nonchalant son and heir. Fiery Facias stuck to his man like a grampus to a whale. He knew the soft points—the tender raw in the old man's character, and he poured in plenty of sour wine but no oil into the wound. To take this miserable case to trial, to have his son's silly love-letters handed about the purlieus of the Nisi Prius Court, and sold at a premium by every bookseller in the county—a thousand pages of inveterate folly—any sacrifice rather than that; and so the end came about that Miss Lucy Porter got her cheque for £10,000, and her law expenses paid by the other side, and the letters withdrawn from the printer's hands and quashed. Within ten days after the signing of that fatal cheque, the pink-and-white youth and Miss Lucy Porter, now Mrs. Augustus Gifford, were speeding down Channel on the way to Australia. The whole thing had been a plot, devised by the

fool of a lad—how clever fools are sometimes!—to extort some capital out of the old man on which to marry the girl he liked. The sharp attorney was taken into confidence, and the result was, that young Gifford started for Australia with ten thousand pounds in his pocket and the prettiest wife in the colonies. He never believed that he should lose the rest of his father's wealth. He looked forward to living in the Southern Hemisphere for a few years, and then returning to reap the fruits of those parental affections which absence would have restored to a healthy tone. The Fates willed otherwise. How the result came about was never exactly explained; but certain it is, Peter Gifford died suddenly, sitting in his chair, within an hour of signing his will. No sooner did he get the dreadful news, which was brought to him by the triumphant attorney, than he sat down to make his will. It was briefly worded, but clear and distinct throughout; only there were stops and gaps in the writing, as if the writer had paused a long time to think; but on a piece of paper on the table was written, in the same dreary hand, two or three times over, "Frank Facias, the greatest scoundrel in the world!" No doubt the old man, as he wrote, was pondering over his wrongs, and writing now and again as he woke up from the lethargic dreams which were troubling his fast-deadening brain. And so it happened that when he arrived at the momentous word in the will "to," there was a pause, and then the words followed—"to . . . Frank Facias, the greatest scoundrel in the world." The housekeeper and butler were called in to witness the deed, and having written their names left the room, leaving their master leaning back in the study chair. When the servant came in an hour later he was dead!

Five months afterwards poor pink-and-white got the sad news conveyed to him on his distant station, in a letter of the most heartless description from Facias himself, in which the rascal "congratulated himself upon having been able to do what little reparation lay in his power, for having been a party to deceiving so excellent a man as the late Mr. Gifford, by becoming the

means of inflicting on the principal agent in the fraud the punishment he so well deserved." Augustus immediately returned to England, leaving his poor wife to look after affairs in the bush, and made some feeble efforts to dispute the will. He tried hard to establish a case of *non compos mentis* against his father, but the evidence was as hostile as the Fates. He endeavoured to sell Facias by questioning his identity with the description in the will; but that was held by all, and admitted by Facias himself, to be as accurate as a photograph. "If indeed, Sir," said the lawyer, with a twinkling eye, "your name too had been Frank Facias, I should undoubtedly have lost the estate." This was too much, and Mr. Gifford's residence in England was prolonged for six months beyond what he intended, by a temporary visit to the County Gaol, for what the newspaper reporter termed "a most savage and unprovoked assault on one of the most estimable men in the country." So he got back to his station and his broken-down slattern wife, with his hair still hardly recovered from the cleanly discipline of the reformatory establishment in which he had passed six months.

And since then, added my companion, in conclusion, nothing has ever succeeded with him; it is as if there was a curse upon the mess of pottage which he won by fraud, and for which he had thrown away the birthright of a millionaire. His only amusement is carefully spelling over the English papers by every mail, in the happy confidence that the day will come when Facias will commit some crime of such magnitude as to incur the last penalties of the law. It is a silly hope, for Facias is one of those men who are only vicious in difficulties, but when rising in the world, take in an ample supply of the best sample of human virtue. Facias looks upon it that Gifford forgave him and Providence rewarded him, and so thinks he must have been a good man always, only he did not know it.

Some months after hearing this story, when in a neighbouring

colony, I saw in the papers that Augustus Gifford's station had been burnt by bushrangers, and his wife shot in the *mêlée*. What has become of him I do not know, but I have no doubt he has long since been run over and expunged from the Book of Nature.

Reminiscences of 1857.

O! the charms of a stroll in our smart little port.
When the crowds of new-comers are thronging ashore;
As we gaze on the victims our agent has caught,
We declare that we never can want any more!

"Ha! ha!" says a station man, raising his veil,
"There's a couple, they'll suit me exact to a hair;
When they've settled a bit, I'll go up without fail,
And engage them for fifty, that's lots for the pair."

And there jogs the farmer, who, six years ago,
Disconsolate landed with never a bob,
He is come from the plains for a bumpkin or so,
And looks a great swell on the back of his cob.

There's my lady, too, riding upon her grey mare,—
The servant turned "missis,"—as big as you please.
"O! how wulgar," she minces, "them ship-people are;
But I s'ppose I must have one, in spite of the fleas."

And list to those gossips, "The good time is come,
And we've plenty, so lately in piteous case,
They'll be only too glad, for a moderate sum,
To be nursemaid or cook, in our nice little place."

"All right," cries an old one, who looks on the scene,
"But I guess you will soon sing a different song,
And those folks who are certainly not very clean,
Though they're down in the mouth now, they wont be so long."

Ah! wizard; you've given the tables a turn;
See, those whity-brown faces are flushing with pride,
And we're the poor folks who must wash, sweep, and churn,
Or eat humble pie, as we stand by their side.

There's our sturdy up-country-man down on his knees,
Or at least, he's a look that he ought to be there:
"O, if fifty won't do, you may have what you please;
Only come for a little, and try what we are."

And see our bold yeoman; no longer he sits
All so smiling astride of his bill-gotten hack!
He is bidding for help, at the end of his wits
How to pay for the horse, if he can't save his stack.

And our very fine lady, who must have a "gall,"
Though I'm certain she'd really be better without,
"Will thirty, will forty pounds do, Miss? you shall
Have an evening whenever you like to go out."

And how do our poor simple gossips appear?
As they range through the rooms, not at all at their ease;
And, 'mid a loud whisper of "what do *they* here,"
Very humbly petition for help, "if you please."

"O, a nursemaid you want! well, a nursemaid I'll be
In a twelvemonth or so," says a nymph of fifteen;
And she nods to her friends, with an eye full of glee,
As much as to say, "my own nursemaid, I mean!"

"A cook's place?" cries one; "well, perhaps it might do;
But, you know, I've been servant with forty and nine;
Well, and what do you give?" "Five-and-twenty for you
Who are strong, and can work hard?" "Then I must decline."

"Five-and-twenty, indeed!" and she turned on her heel
With a bounce, that nigh frightened our gossips to fits,
"I suppose they don't think that young ladies can feel,
And fancy we land here without any wits!"

And what is our moral? Away with your tears!
Don the apron of freedom, and dust your own shelves!
Spend the wonderful wages on pin-money, dears!
Leave the ladies alone, and be servants yourselves!

A Real Ghost Story.*

The truth of the following story is vouched for by the writer, who intends relating it as nearly as possible in the words of the lady from whom he heard it.

"My encounter with a ghost occurred under the following circumstances:—During our travels on the Continent, we arrived late one evening at a small German town. We drove up to the only hotel, and were congratulating ourselves upon the termination of a long and tedious day's drive, when to our dismay, the landlord informed us, with many apologies, that he could not possibly accommodate us, every available room, both in the hotel and village, being engaged by the family and suite of the Royal Prince, who was passing the night in the place. I was too tired to think of going any further, and begged Edward to have the horses taken out, intending to pass the night in the carriage. The hospitable old fellow seemed much concerned, and suggested to Edward, that rather than suffer the discomfort of sleeping in the carriage, I might be disposed to brave the reputed horrors of a haunted room. Both disbelievers in ghosts, we were only too happy to accept the alternative. Servants were immediately despatched to prepare the room for our reception, and we entered the hotel in search of refreshment. It was sometime before a servant brought the welcome intelligence that all was ready. We gladly followed our guide through the gloomy and intricate passages of what had once evidently been a baron's stronghold. On entering our room, we were much struck by its beauty. It was large and lofty, and the dim candlelight prevented our seeing the dust and cobwebs

* A somewhat similar story has appeared in a magazine within the last few years. If they are both derived from the same source, our version may be depended upon as the genuine one.—*Ed.*

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that covered the carved oak work and handsome tapestry. A bright fire crackled cheerily on the hearth, and we could see nothing that betokened a ghost's abode. We examined every nook and corner, and felt satisfied after our survey, that when the only door was locked, we should be safe from human disturbers—from supernatural ones we feared nothing. I soon sought rest in the large fourposter, and felt no alarm when Edward proposed to leave me whilst he made arrangements for an early start the following morning. But no sooner had the sound of his footsteps died away, than I felt oppressed by the solemn stillness that prevailed around me, and I found myself involuntarily speculating on the fate of the former occupants of my room. All the dark deeds perpetrated by cruel and unprincipled lords came crowding in at once upon my memory, and filled me with strange fears. The fire had now burnt down, and curious shadows danced by its flickering light on the tapestried walls. I fancied I could see the curtains parting and faces peeping at me. I felt very uneasy, and tried to laugh off my silly fears, but without success. I hid my head under the coverlid, but instead of allaying my nervousness, I only increased it. The occasional crackle of a piece of wood on the fire made me start and shiver. But I soon had real cause for alarm. Suddenly, there was a noise as if something heavy had been dropped in the room; I listened intently, and felt certain that there was something moving about; now the sounds were nearer; now further from me. I presently felt a slight pull at the covering of my bed; I was powerless to resist; slowly the clothes were drawn from my hands, and my face was uncovered; my heart beat violently, and the cold perspiration dropped from my forehead. What can it be, I thought; I must look. I opened my eyes. Never, to my dying day, shall I forget the unutterable horror of that moment. I could have shrieked, but my voice was gone; I could have fainted, but, though my body was paralyzed with fear, my mind seemed unnaturally active. And there I lay, compelled to watch the

movements of my hideous tormentor. At the foot of the bed, just visible by the pale light of the glowing embers, stood what appeared to be an animated female skeleton, her only covering a tattered fragment of red flannel tied round her neck. A mass of tangled hair covered her shoulders; her white teeth, from which the fleshless lips had shrunk, chattered involuntarily; her dark eyes gleamed from their sunken sockets, and she laughed a hollow and unearthly laugh. She stooped towards me as if about to enter the bed; the thought sickened me; but, to my relief, the fiendish object turned towards the fire, and raking it up, squatted before it, warming her bony fingers, and then rubbing them over her skinny limbs. Several times she got up and went about the room as if in search of something, muttering all the time to herself. Every time she approached me, I thought my hour was come—I was so utterly helpless, and at the mercy of the spirit of the haunted chamber. Moments seemed hours that dreadful night, and when Edward did return, it was too much for my overstrung nerves, and I fainted away. As soon as I was restored to consciousness, I told him all that had transpired during his absence. He immediately summoned the servants, and a thorough search was made. Every article in the room was moved, without any trace being found of the late intruder. We left the place next morning, Edward incredulous to the last; I, thoroughly convinced that the haunted room deserved its ill-famed reputation. Many years afterwards, we saw the solution of the mystery in a German paper:—Some workmen engaged in repairing the hotel came across a spiral staircase that led to the room we had occupied; at the foot of it they had found a skeleton and a piece of red garment. It was supposed they were the remains of a poor lunatic who had secreted herself in that part of the castle, from whence she issued at night in search of food. In the search that followed my fright, the wardrobe had been placed over the trapdoor, and the poor maniac's escape for ever prevented."

A Sketch.

Such a man I knew,
A man of liberal mind, firm in his grasp
Of truth, or that which seemed to him the truth,
Yet large enough to bear that other minds
Should count him wrong; for this he always held,
That in this world of men, truth is not seen
In pure simplicity: but as the beams,
Starlit, dispel in part night's mystery
And greet our wondering eyes, yet are not what
We take them for, nor even hold the place
They seem to hold in Heaven, losing their course
And real brightness as they penetrate
This sphere of worldly air; so truth itself,
Struggling through mists of prejudice or hate,
Casts but a broken, dim, uncertain ray.
Therefore he bore with error, not as some
Who judge all wrong, all truth impossible;
Still less as some whose weakly, worthless faith
Claims for its weakness the true dignity
Of liberal wisdom; but as humble man
Scans in his search the vast expanse of sky,
Knowing he looks from earth to Heaven, yet dares
To use his sight, and ponder, welcoming
Each ray of light with patient scrutiny;
So did he wait for truth, and find it true,
By measure of a searching, loyal faith
Which asks, yet whilst it asks, can bow its pride
To take Faith's answer.

Old Abe.

When Lincoln, green with frantic pace,
And clownish joke and caper,
At first urged on a reckless Chase
In search of gold and paper;

Beneath his clumsy long-faced hat
(No matter what his rank is)
He stood a clumsy Czar, till that
Hard run of Bulls—and Yankees.

From southern stormy Lees, since then,
He dares not look for pity,
Nor face the Stonewalls on the plain,
Nor Longstreets in the city.

In vain he raised the patriot's hope,
Of Union, fame, and—lucre,
In vain he raised a peccant Pope,
An injudicious Hooker.

'Tis all in vain: the years slip by
And off the Crown is slipping;
And all his friends and colleagues try
To catch the sinner tripping.

So Abe mounts the stump again,
With all the wondrous graces
That mark a Yankee Statesman, when
He seeks his country's—places.

The Union was a useful cry
  To suit a peaceful slow land,
But now he makes a better try
  And promises—a Poland.

Although the niggers well know how
  He's willing to support them,
He says they're all his brothers now,
  Because—he can't transport them.

Poor Abe! there he shuffling stands,
  A sorry, funny figure,—
A sorry one for Yankee lands,—
  A droll one for your

NIGGER.

A Day at the Hot Lakes.

Crossing Tarawera, we entered the Ariki, a small stream which connects it with Roto Mahana. It was not long before we observed clouds of steam rising from the ground, and the loud thumping noise proceeding from the Moahs spring, proclaimed the nature of the place we were approaching. This sound, says the legend, is occasioned by the boiling pot of an old man, who in olden time never permitted anyone to return down the stream, but seized and threw them into his boiling cauldron—a warm, though not a pleasing welcome to his guests. Just before reaching Roto Mahana, we came to a stone known by the name of Ranhanga, where a greedy old man is supposed to reside, to whom travellers are required to pay the tribute of a potatoe, or failing, to pay the penalty of death.

Some of our party, in order to lighten the canoe, had walked from the rapids to the lake. Having reached the landing place, we got out and followed them. No words of mine can adequately describe what I saw. The first thing that attracted my astonishment was the sight of Mary A. walking on what appeared to be a field of ice, but from the jagged margin of which, strange to say, rose volumes of steam. Not knowing how to skate, I felt some alarm at the idea of venturing upon this slippery surface, but experience proved that it was not so slippery as I had anticipated. At the extreme end of this glassy field rose terrace upon terrace of snowy-white incrustation, over which a thin sheet of water flowed from a boiling spring on the top. We mounted higher and higher over the miniature falls that had worn deep basins in many places, and through which we had to pass at the imminent risk of scalding our legs. When half way up, we turned to look upon the scene below, and were struck by the fantastic forms taken by the substance this water deposits. Twenty

broad terraces lay beneath us, each containing variously shaped basins, in which the pale blue water contrasted beautifully with the dazzling whiteness of the substance that contained it. From one of these terraces rose a mass of rock and earth, about twelve feet square, covered with shrubs ferns and mosses of luxuriant growth. It is seldom anyone can approach this spot, as it is generally enveloped in steam, whilst jets of boiling water gush out of apertures round its base, and render approach impossible. Mrs. B. and Mrs. C. once decided to picnic there, but they were hardly seated before the rock began to heave and tremble, accompanied by a thundering noise, and the gushing out of boiling water, and they were compelled to beat a speedy retreat. The natives, who had refused to accompany them, said the Atua was manifesting his displeasure at their daring to take food there.* We, however, were more fortunate, and secured some strange mosses that almost scalded our hands in gathering.

Leaving the Tarata, we followed our guide along the shores of the lake, carefully treading in his footprints, as one false step would have precipitated us either into a boiling spring or into deep wells of equally hot stinking mud. The contrast between this place and the scene we had just left was as striking as the supposed difference between the abodes of the gods and the infernal regions. Our guide was in great glee, and ran forward dancing and singing, calling upon the presiding divinity of Ohapua to pile on more fuel, for the pakehas were coming to see him. At this spot we again got into the canoe, but I had hardly time to get over the mingled feelings of delight, horror, and surprise, when I was told to turn round. Wonder of wonders, what a fairy scene burst upon my sight. The setting sun shone upon a magnificent staircase of sparkling, diamond-looking incrustations, down which gently flowed streams of pale blue water. The steps were of a slight rose tint. The whole scene being on a much smaller scale than the Tarata, the eye

* Food is thought to be defiling.

could at one glance take in all its wondrous beauty. The hills and manuka trees by which it was enclosed added to the charms of this enchanted spot, the realities of which far exceeded in wonder the strange scenes portrayed in the Arabian Nights. My first thought was one of regret that so few could enjoy the sight; my second, that a spot so strange, so unearthly as to appear yet untainted by the curse, ought not to be defiled by human footsteps.

Few Europeans have ever seen this spot, except across the lake, as old Te Heu Heu makes it tapu for the greater part of the year. We lost no time in ascending the magic pile of rose colored terraces. Here, too, the water gradually grew warmer as we drew nearer to the top. The basins were more numerous than those at the Tarata, and of every variety of temperature. We reached the upper terrace and walked round the huge steaming basin of clear blue water. The crust upon which we walked appeared frightfully thin, and the heat intense to our feet,—so dangerous was it, only one man of our party would venture to guide us. We looked far under the crust upon which we stood into the boiling abyss; strange and beautiful were some of the forms taken by the sparkling incrustation. One was that of an old woman with outstretched arms and a cap on, looking down into the deeper depths below. I was delighted to find that our tents were to be pitched, and the night spent at this O-tu-Kapuarangi, or "standing point of Heaven's clouds." The thumping noise under us, as we lay stretched in our tents, listening to the drip, drip, drip, of the water down the fairy steps, prevented our forgetting the dangerous neighbourhood we were in. The potatoes for tea were boiled in a spring near the door of my tent. Before going to bed, I indulged in such a bath as I can never have again. The moon was at its full as I climbed the shining marble steps, and I felt more than ever as if translated into some ethereal region. Around me lay basins of various colors, some blue, some rose, some a beautiful straw tint. Plunging from one to another, I revelled in the

delicious sensations produced by a bath in a hot spring, and it was long before I could persuade myself to return to my tent. Once there, and safe in my sack from annoying insects, I was soon away in dreamland. And thus ended my first day at the Hot Lakes.

Bazaar for the Orphan Asylum.—An Acrostic addressed to certain Young Ladies.

"'Tis gude to be *merry* and wise."

B-eauty, wit, and fancy g- O
A-ll to aid our grand Bazaa- R;
Z-eal may stop, just when you dro- P;
A-nd if stern ones call out o- H!
A-nswer gaily, "There's Pap- A
R-eally won, to help the fu- N.

F-aint we cannot, while Mamm- A
O-nward speeds the glad fraca- S.
R-est to day, for once be ga- Y:

T, H, E -re you come—and don't be g- L, U, M."

Life Touches from Shakspeare.

One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin.—*Troilus and Cressida.*

The story of past greatness, either in nations, armies, or individuals, arouses in our breasts both pride and admiration; we can feed our imagination on the glories of the past, recorded in rough outline, but it is rare that these recitals convey much idea of the human, every-day manners of life, thought, and feeling of our forefathers, in their childhood, prime of life, or age. We hear of their achievements or sufferings; we admire, but we stand aloof, surveying afar off; we can imagine the greatness of the deeds, so hewn in time that they have effect now,—but we cannot see the tear, shed so long ago; we cannot join in the laugh that so long has died away, nor can we return the smile that shone radiant on a brow, now crumbled to dust. We cannot see the children merry at play, nor their sons and daughters, verging on manhood or womanhood, nor believe vividly that much was the same then as now. An inseparable gulph opens between us and those departed; we regard them somewhat as phantoms, or automatons of the historian, that did thus and thus, with such and such imputed motives; but that they felt humanly as we do, had even much in common with us, we cannot truly feel. It is with the purpose of supplying some of these touches of life, tender, cross, pathetic, trifling, that we have wandered through the lifelike works of Shakspeare, gleaning out lines here and there, which as we read, stood out from others with a reality that stirred a response from the homelike fireside thoughts and feelings. Chivalric King Henry V., parleying unknown to his two soldiers, says, with underlying pathos, "The King is but a man, as I am; the violet smells to him as it doth to me." So might we say of our ancestors. It is quaint to think of the sweet fragrance of a wild

flower drawing us nearer to our unknown ancestry, to think how many have espied it, half hidden on some green bank, and delighted in it! But to work more directly on the sympathies of colonists, we remark that in Henry the Fourth's time, "a score of good lives may be worth ten pounds." A sample of the true laborer, long extinct, describes himself, saying, "I earn that I eat, get that I wear, owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness, glad of other men's good, content with my harm, and the greatest of my pride is, to see my ewes graze, and my lambs suck." Yet strangely, even in those old days, they lament "the constant service of the antique world," and despond, not knowing to what the then world would come, "since every Jack became a gentleman." It was not all simplicity and unworldliness, for they could sin, "the oldest sins the newest kind of ways," as fashion authorized; "eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most received star, and, though the devil lead the measure, such are to be followed." Not only deeds and thoughts must follow fashion, but she sets her stamp on her own, and bids them change from one style to another in their dress: "the fashion wears out more apparel than the man." Polonius draws finely the distinction between good and bad dressing: "Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy, but not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy: for the apparel oft proclaims the man; and they in France of the best rank and station are most select and generous, chief in that." In the midst of all change, convention exists, and many, like Bianca, say, "Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice, to change true rules for odd inventions." Lord Chamberlain describes the French fashion of clothes worn by the "travell'd gallants" as after "such a pagan cut," much like modern travelling snobs, whose ancient type Portia sketches well in her English suitor: "How oddly he is suited! I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour everywhere." We find our modern day saying that "Boys will be boys" far better expressed in the line, "Young blood doth

not obey an old decree," which we will take as an introduction to the children of old. Polixenes and Leontes were "two lads, that thought there was no more behind, but such a day to-morrow as to-day, and to be boy eternal." It is a relief to think they were not all precocious, overwise, mimic men, with responsibility and the wars breaking in on the sweet sun haze that in that one season of childhood shuts out the sense of coming pain in the future, so that it is unheeded and unfeared. Hastings records the dispersing of an army, "Like youthful steers unyoked, they took their course, east, west, north, south; or, like a school broke up, each hurries to his home, and sporting place." We have seen it often. The young spirit of life breaking out fresh and bright, unrestrainable, unconquerable then as now, with a freedom like a bird, or a creature without thought or care. But he had first to be in school ere he could break so gladly away, so early day saw him "the whining schoolboy with his satchel and shining morning face, creeping, like a snail, unwillingly to school," where he labored to copy some impossible scroll, that, only differing in form, has defied the fingers of all children; for we see, "Fair as a text B in a copybook," is a simile for great excellence. Boys were, are, will be enemies to birds; they clambered up the aged trees in England, that we have often looked on, that our boys, too, have mounted, in quest of nests; for we read of "the flat transgression of a schoolboy, who, being overjoyed with finding a bird's nest, shows it to his companion, and he steals it." There were naughty, idle, vulgar street boys, too, who could hoot and mob hapless offenders. Salarius says of the Jew: "Why all the boys in Venice follow him, crying, 'his stores, his daughter, and his ducats.'" They were very much the same town boys; "these were the youths that thunder at a playhouse, and fight for bitten apples;" and at the christening of the Princess Elizabeth, when the "forty truncheoneers"—"which were the hope of the strand"—were nearly being defeated, "a file of boys behind them, loose shot, delivered such a shower of pebbles that

I was fain to draw mine honor in." Fathers received that questionable flattery of exact resemblance by their newborn offspring, to be seen by all women: true Paulina pleads with the chord of motherhood sounding in her, "Behold, my Lords, although the print be little, the whole matter and copy of the father, eye, nose, lip, the trick of his frown, his forehead, the pretty dimples of his chin and cheek, his smiles." It could hardly have been an innocent baby smile, if Leontes smiled from his bitter heart on the child he would not own. The old lady, announcing Elizabeth's birth to Henry, with her mind gloating on her expected reward, tells him in triumph, "'Tis as like you as cherry is to cherry." The hundred marks given were a poor recompense for thus burdening her conscience, and called forth her indignant query, "Said I for this the girl is like to him?" It is not easy for us to imagine Queen Elizabeth without her starched prim ruffs, and unearthly head dress, nor to think of Bloody Queen Mary's girlhood as her mother lovingly describes it: "She is young, and of a noble, modest nature; I hope she will deserve well." Alas! for those cast motherless on the world, for even such fair promise may fail, and wither into cold cruelty and unnatural bigotry. Queen Elizabeth Woodville, taking a mother's interest in the growth of her children, yearning to see her eldest ill-fated son, answers the grandam's "I hope he is much grown since last I saw him," with, "But I hear no; they say my son of York has almost overta'en him in his growth." We can but dimly fancy the two, full of interest in a simple matter, interesting thousands now, and yet how touchingly! for do we not know the tragic end to all their hopes and fears? Is it because we know the end of all the hopes hoped in the past, that we seem so far removed from the departed; we, who grope on in the present, not knowing what the story of our life will be when it is told and we have gone to our rest? The wonderful interests of teething were rife, and the chronology of the first tooth recorded, "'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth," says little York, the "parlous

child," so full of shrewd sayings, that his elders were puzzled whether his sayings were mere childtalk, from their variety, sending random shots, or whether he saw and read them by aid of his clear innocence far better than those well versed in the guilt of the world. There is something more than mere child life in an active young brain, something wonderful, pure, true, that tries those who come near, and tests them as a precious stone does poison. Gloster attributes this hidden power to precocity: "So wise so young do ne'er live long, they say." Gloster's own infancy was "tetchy and wayward," harassing his mother in babyhood, and through life; let us hope most tetchy babies have better ends. Mournful Queen Constance, in her war of words with King John and his mother, in her heart-breaking bitterness, shews us a sample of ancient baby language, when Elizabeth attemps to entice the poor little prince to her: "Do, child, go to it's Grandam, child; give Grandam Kingdom and it's Grandam will give it a plum, a cherry and a fig: There's a good Grandam."

Arthur's pleading to Hubert touches on many a well known kindly action. "When your head did but ache, I knit my handkerchief about your brows"——"and with my hand at midnight held your head." A princely gentle child for the loss of whom well might his mother make her wild moan—

> "Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
> Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
> Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
> Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
> Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form."

Juliet wearying for her love repeats in simile—

> "So tedious is this day
> As is the night before some festival
> To an impatient child that hath new robes
> And may not wear them."

Don Pedro appears versed in the management of children,

he pronounces it "a great soil to shew a child his new coat, and forbid him to wear it." But mismanagement was frequent by "fond fathers" who "having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch, only to stick it in their children's sight for terror, not to use; in time the rod becomes more mocked, than feared." The young Count of Rousillon chafes under the overcare of his guardians; in his impatience under the restraint, he cries, "I am commanded here and kept a coil with 'too young' and 'the next year' and ''tis too early,'" set phrases that sound familiar to us. Well for those to whom the time for being "up and doing" comes, for, "home-keeping youths have ever homely wits."

From boyhood we pass naturally to youth, to those "whose chin is but enriched with one appearing hair," always anxiously searched for. Count Rousillon represents a modern day swell, he speaks contemptuously, "a poor physician's daughter my wife." If it had been a rich physician, might not the case have been different, though King Henry IV. moralises on the possessors of wealth, "such are the rich that have abundance and enjoy it not."

We hear of "weeping Queens," one of whom in her bitterness, speaks from the proud grief in her heart, desiring some low abasement "I had rather be a country servant maid than a great Queen." But rank and wealth are the desire of the world, there is folly in all desires, but "thou art a blessed fellow to think as every man thinks:" so we can but join. Portia gives a fine description of that nondescript age that the male sex pass through; in proposing to counterfeit the young barrister, she will "speak between the change of man and boy, with a reed voice," and speak of frays like a fine bragging youth; and tell quaint lies, "how honorable ladies sought my love," "and twenty of these puny lies I'll tell, that men shall think I have discontinued school about a twelvemonth. I have within my mind a thousand tricks of these bragging Jacks, which I will practice." Lovers wore their hats "pent-house like o'er the shop of your eyes," and, according to Beatrice, needed but "a good leg and a good

foot, ancle, and money enough in his purse,"—"to win any woman in the world,—if he could but get her good will." It is startling to our modern sense to find that it was only when a man was in love that he began to be clean, for Claudio exclaims of Benedict, "And when was he wont to wash his face?" This is one of the "old signs" that he is "in love with some woman;" also, "he brushes his hat a mornings," and "the old ornaments of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis balls." A melancholy youth "will look upon his book, and sing; ask questions and sing; pick his teeth and sing;" natural actions enough to such a vapid mood. Gratiano speaks "an infinite deal of nothing,"—a style of verbosity still extant. We pass on to the young ladies of old, of whom, "There was never yet fair woman but she made mouths in the glass;" that is but instinct! not so a certain secret of vain adornment, that Bassanio lets us into, one of the hollow tricks of vanity that are a shame to womanhood:

> "So are those crisped, snaky, golden locks,
> Which make such wanton gambols in the wind,
> Upon supposed fairness, often known
> To be the dowry of a second head,
> The skull that bred them in the sepulchre."

Imogen speaks with all the piquancy and lively endearment of love; she "had most pretty things to say," "ere I would tell him how I would think on him at certain hours such thoughts and such;" and more besides, in came her father, with all the ruthlessness of that type of father which is for ever marring youthful bliss. We find Imogen reading in her bed at midnight when her attendant comes in, she says,—

> "I have read three hours; mine eyes are weak;
> Fold down the leaf where I have left."
> "Take not away the taper, leave it burning."

How familiarly her words sound! The whole room, ill lit with one taper, is visible to us. Her's is a model of modern propriety

in her remark, "To be so odd, and from all fashion, as Beatrice is, cannot be commendable." Women delighted in "sleeves curiously cut," and Katherina would wear a small cap: "I'll have no bigger; this doth fit the time, and gentlewomen wear such caps as these." From youth, we pass on to the old folk of the past, who were then "Time's doting chronicle." Grandmamas—then Grandams—"gathered little ones round their knee," for a Grandam's name is little less in love than is the doting title of a "Mother." Mouldy pleads in touching strains against being "pricked for the wars:" "My old dame will be undone now, for one to do her husbandry and her drudgery." And again, bribing the corporal, "Good master corporal captain, for my old dame's sake, stand my friend; she has no one to do anything about her when I am gone, and she is old and cannot help herself." Poor withered, sere, old dame; we catch a glimpse of her, tottering near the grave, where she, and many more old dames have long lain in quiet rest. There were those who lived on bereft of all happiness, and compared "dead happiness with living woe," and what mournful majesty there is in Queen Margaret's—

> "If ancient sorrow be most reverent,
> Give mine the benefit of seniority."

There were those whose children made them "pew-fellow, with others moan." Indeed, sorrow has not refined in this latter age; it has bound the necks of mankind to its yoke equally in all generations. What is Sir Thomas Erpingham but a noble picture of a true old gentleman, brave and noble in heart; possessing a strong cheerful spirit, and a healthful body. We can in fancy see "that good white head," and almost hear his "The Lord in Heaven bless thee, noble Harry," with the homely comment, "God-a-mercy, old heart; thou speakest cheerfully." Exeter related the death of York to Henry, ending—"Upon these words, I came and cheer'd him up; he smil'd me in the face, caught me his hand, and with a feeble gripe, says,—'Dear my Lord, commend my service to my Sovereign.' So did he

turn." It is the simple tale of a hero's death, grand in its complete courage and absence from affectation. There were some that the days had left behind, possessing fixed ideas that they would not renounce, thus prematurely ageing them, as Fluellen, of whom King Henry says,

"Though it appear a little out of fashion,
There is much care and valour in this Welshman,"

Fluellen, who has all his heart in "the auncient prorogatives and laws of the wars," and scouts all modern modes, in his complete confidence in "the ceremonies of the wars," which he had learnt from those of "Pompey the Great." If no aged Generals of the present day reproduced these characteristics, it would be better for them "when all those legs, and arms, and heads, chopped off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day," and make their complaint. If common sense were requisite in a general, and attention to the present situation and circumstances, our enemies would fare worse; but generals "make bold to tell us they know the disciplines of the wars, and there is an end." But with such as these, "where age is in, the wit is out," and they are but "tedious old fools." King Henry V. pictures very vividly how soldiers, then young, when aged, will glory in having fought in his army: "He that outlives this day and comes safe home," will "rouse him at the name of Crispian, —will yearly, on the vigil, feast his friends, and say—to-morrow is St. Crispian. Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars. Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot, but he'll remember, with advantages, the feats he did that day;—then shall our names——be in their flowing cups, freshly remembered," their cups, that have long ceased to flow, that are drained and set down from their lifeless lips for ever! Grandprè describes the horses of the English: "Their poor jades lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hips; the gum down roping from their pale, dead eyes; and in their pale, dull mouths the grimmal bit lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless." We can see these "poor jades" better than their riders;

animal life is better known by us; they have no hereafter, and we know all of them in their constant service to us, and the instinctive natural life they possess.

While speaking of the wars between France and England, we are led to think of the rivalry that has always existed between these nations, and find in the fact many prejudices of the present both misconceived and truthful. The ancient inbred jealousy between the countries is told in a short line: "We mourn—France smiles," and *vice versa*. We take the French view of our country and countrymen first. The Constable of France enquires:

> "Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull,
> On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,
> Killing their first fruit with frowns?"

He wonders why the French blood "spirited with wine," seems "frosty," not understanding the stamina that true English feeding gives. Alencon says that the English "want their porridge and their fat bull beeves," but has cause to know that former good breeding has not lost its effect, for skirmishers are sent out "one to ten," "lean, raw-boned rascals: who'd e'er suppose they had such courage and audacity?" For the English virtue of not knowing how to be beaten, would out, till Reignier thought, "by some odd gimcrack or device, their arms are set like clocks, still to strike on." Bourbon will "sell his dukedom to buy a slobberly and a dirty farm in that nook-shotten Isle of Albion," in his despite, because the English marched along "unfought withal." Harry Monmouth has his sturdy English answer for the French herald:

> "My people are with sickness much enfeebled;
> My numbers lessen'd; and those few I have,
> Almost no better than so many French;
> Who, when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,
> I thought, upon one pair of English legs,
> Did march three Frenchmen.—Yet forgive me, God,

"That I do brag thus!—This your air of France
Hath blown that vice in me: I must repent."

It was a brave answer, and seconded honorably by his valiant arm.

Hastings, again, has much deep wisdom, for all times, in his words, "'Tis better using France, than trusting France: let us be back'd with God, and with the seas, which he hath given for fence impregnable.—In them, and in ourselves, our safety lies." Though so many years have swept on, the truth of these words still remains, and often they are echoed warningly. A certain grotesqueness that the French, as a race, possess in the eyes of the English, is set forth in Gloster's amusing speech:

"I cannot flatter, and speak fair;
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and coy;
Duck with French nods and apish courtesy."

Portia expresses something of the same feeling, when she mentions Monsieur le Bon: "God made him, therefore let him pass for a man." Henry VI, warning his barons against disaffection, bids them "remember where we are: in France, amongst a fickle, wavering nation." In France, there is nothing time-honored; their history has no lineage; they have neither won nor retained aught from the past; and the height of their desires is reached, when they are ruled by a showy, politic despot, who can humor or crush their frailties. We pass on to some more acknowledged characteristics of the English. Bates interposes his blunt peacemaking: "Be friends, you English fools; be friends; we have French quarrels enough, if you can tell how to reckon." But we are "English fools," and do not know when we have enough on our hands. We ourselves are somewhat "apish," it appears, for we read—

"The open ear of youth doth always listen
Reports of fashions in proud Italy!
Whose manners still, our tardy apish nation
Limps after, in bare imitation."

If we change France for Italy, the lines come home to us in this present day.

The English have an inordinate love for sights, and are famed for their bad taste in this respect; they must tear any such rage to shreds,—"It was always the way with our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common." Worse than this, is their taste for horrors and monsters; for, "When they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian."

We will conclude these national traits with a short summary of some other nations. Of Portia's suitors, the young German, the Duke of Saxony's nephew, Portia likes—"very vilely in the morning, when he is sober; and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk." The Scotchman's description is "canny;" he "borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again when he was able." Count Armado was "a refined traveller of Spain;" and Italy is mentioned warningly, "Those girls of Italy, take heed of them." A description of the common class of travellers shall bring up the rear. Rosalind bids adieu to Jacques: "Farewell, Monsieur traveller; look you lisp, and wear strange suits; disable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are." "Nature hath paired strange fellows in her time," says Salarius. "There are a sort of men," whom we call bores, who purpose "to be dress'd in an opinion, of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit, as who should say, 'I am Sir Oracle, and when I ope my lips, let no dog bark.'" There is the mock hero: "Such fellows are perfect in great commanders' names; they will learn you by rote, where services were done—and this they can perfectly, in the phrase of war;" they have "a beard of the general's cut,—but you must learn to know such slanders of the age, or else you will be marvellously mistook," says Fluellen. So we proceed to note other "slanders" of all ages, typified in the rank hypocrite Gloster, who soliloquises—

"And thus I clothe my naked villany
With old odd ends, stol'n from Holy Writ,
And seem a saint when most I play the devil."

There is Nym, a weak braggart, "who scorns to say his prayers less a' should be thought a coward."

We find a mock poet in Timon of Athens, who is addressed by a mock painter, "You are *rapt*, Sir, in some work, some dedication to the great lord." It is a matter of congratulation that our modern poets have less need to be so employed, though this particular poet describes the process as simple and easy:—

"A thing slipped idly from me;
Our poesy is a germ, which oozes
From whence 'tis nourished."

His "thing" has oozed quietly into the swamps of the past. The painter speaks of his picture:

"It is a pretty mocking of the life;
Here is a touch: is't good?"

But his work has gone to its decay! The world sees it not; and the ancient painter asks for ever, answerless, "Is't good?" Poor poet and painter, who delighted in your own efforts of art, yet Art knew you not, nor you art!

Art, in the style of portrait painting, evidently had then its conventional position, known as well as the book, the statuette, or the carved chair in the photograph, "your hands in your pockets, after the old painting." Gratiano's simulation, excused by being in love, gives another well-known attitude. He will "look demurely,—nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes thus with my hat, and sigh, and say, Amen;" which latter process was nothing more nor less than the ancient "smelling the hat," only performed before dinner instead of at Church. They were wont, in ancient days, to "gratify the table with a grace;" some quaint, old-fashioned prayer, lengthy and wearisome." Many of us can sympathise feelingly with the

following:—"There is not a soldier of us all that, in the thanksgiving before meat, do relish the petition that prays for peace." Holofernes, the pedantic scholar, is loud in denunciation of "rackers of orthography," and as such, attacks Armado indignantly, "as, to speak 'dout,' fine, when he should say 'doubt;' 'det,' when he should pronounce 'debt'—'d-e-b-t,' not 'd-e-t;' he clepeth a calf, 'cauf;' half, 'hauf;' neighbour, *vocatur*, 'nebur;' neigh abbreviated 'ne:' this is abhominable (which he would call abominable), it insinuateth me of insanie." But change and time will have their wear, and in this age, we clepe all his enumerations "fine," and nothing is now "abhominable" with us. Falstaff asks, "Have I lived to stand at the taunt of one that makes fritters of English." That was, however, after the Welsh fashion. The English could do so also, in the boorish class aping long words, and fine: we have "detest" for attest, "cardinally" for carnally, "dissembly" for assembly, and many more. Several of our set or slang phrases existed then. Pistol came along "swelling like a turkey cock." The Winter's Tale clown styles the imaginary robber of Autolycus "prig," from which our vulgar verb "to prig," must have come. "To say the truth," "the truth is," "in plain terms," "speak plainly," "truth is truth," "to the point," "but so so," "as good as my word," "top to toe," "I will not be slack," and the nervous repetition, "Ho, no; no, no, no," are only a few of the many phrases, still constantly in use. "Milksop" and "gull," were nicknames for simple fools, and terrible puns slipped glibly off our ancestors' tongues—

> "This Rome shall remedy,
> Roam thither then."

Gratiano speaks contemptuously of the ring he had parted with:

> "Whose posey was for all the world, like cutlers' poetry
> Upon a knife, 'Love me and leave me not.'"

Sebastian asks "What's to do? shall we go see the reliques of this town." Every age hath its ancient time, and a certain

reverence for the past, and a great desire to pry into it. We, in looking back, lose the precedence of bygone heroes, and huddle them all together, without regard to time, in our imaginations, and forget that each generation before us had its ancient heroes that reproduced in the breasts of their descendants all the feelings that arise in us; though we find Julius Cæsar spoken of familiarly as "that hook-nosed fellow of Rome." We turn to nature, in the changes of season, in peace and war, to find witness of much that we daily look on. Any that have watched the dawn of day and delighted in its solemn wonder, will feel, as he reads these two lines, that, long ago, a fellow-man watched the approach of day, and noted the calm wonder of its approach;—

"The silent hour steals on,
And flaky darkness breaks within the East."

In the wars between France and England, the desolate state of the former country is described:—

"Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Unpruned, dies; her hedges, even pleached,
——Put forth disordered twigs.
The even mead, that cut, brought sweetly forth
The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,
Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by idleness; and nothing teems
But hateful docks, rough thistles."

It is a lifelike picture; and the hateful docks are well known to many, but we confess to the weakness of admiring an unpruned hedge. Olden day gardeners did "with ordure hide those roots that shall first spring, and be most delicate." King Richard the Second's head gardener bids a subordinate, "go bind thou up yon dangling apricots." Shallow invites his companions, "Nay, you shall see mine orchard, where, in an arbour, we will eat a last year's pippin of my own grafting." We can fancy it to have been a pippin of luscious flavour. Gloster, the

good Duke Humphrey, was evidently fond of fruit; he addresses Ely with, "When I was last in Holborn, I saw good strawberries in your garden there; I do beseech you send for them." Fancy, densely populated Holborn with gardens wherein fine strawberries grew; but all growth of that kind has long vanished, the value of land sweeping it away. Harry Monmouth has his partiality too: "Belike, then, my appetite was not princely got; for, by my troth, I do remember the poor creature small beer." Shallow, ordering his dinner of William Cook, will have "a couple of short-legged hens, a joint of mutton." We find capers were correct to be eaten with mutton, from Sir Andrew's "Faith I can cut a caper," Sir Toby's, "and I can cut the mutton to it." Wafer cakes also are mentioned, and "snow eringoes," which must have been a kind of marengues; "flap dragons" were a species of snap dragon. Some of our ancestors were clever at cutting out odd shapes, as they dawdled after their repasts, for we read, "Like a man made after supper of a cheese paring, "that time when wine comes out of a narrow-mouthed bottle, either too much at once or none at all." Shallow is represented by Davy in homely fashion enough: "Here is now the smith's note, for shoeing and plough irons,—a new link to the bucket must needs be had, —and Sir, do you mean to stop any of William's wages, about the sack he lost the other day at Hinckley fair?" Falstaff could get no remedy against this "consumption of the purse," a fatal disease known to many, for "Society, saith the text, is the happiness of life;" though Lorenzo's "let it serve for table talk," gives an impression that meal time then was occasionally wearisome. Society was worldly, too, for "Time" is well likened to "a fashionable host,"

> "That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand,
> And with his arms outstretched, as he would fly,
> Grasps in the comer: Welcome ever smiles,
> And Farewell goes out sighing."

Women loved to "sit conferring by the parlour fire." Petruchio, coming home at night, calls, "Where are my slippers?" none knowing better than he how to make life comfortable. Benedict evidently loved to sit reading, with the fresh breeze playing about his brow, for he tells the boy, "In my chamber window there lies a book, bring it hither to me in the orchard." When Henry IV swooned, all the lords crowded round him, as people invariably do round a fainting person, thus foolishly excluding all air, till Warwick broke in with his sensible "Stand from him, give him air: he'll straight be well." We hear of many familiar ailments, and learn with great satisfaction that "There was never yet philosopher that could endure the tooth-ache patiently;" it is safe to aver a belief that there never will be. Fair Helen makes the assertion of all quacks in her "what I can do, can do no hurt to try." The mysteries of somnambulism are mysteriously shadowed forth in this description: "A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once the benefit of sleep and to do the effect of watching." We had a general idea that our ancestors lived in an atmosphere of smoke, and did not mind it, but the line, "worse than a smoky house," relieves us, since the case appears exceptional. Tray was a well-known name for a dog, for woe-begone King Lear has it—

> "The little dogs and all,
> Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart; see, they bark at me."

A butcher "takes away the calf, and binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays, bearing it to the bloody slaughterhouse; the dam runs lowing up and down, looking the way her harmless young one went;"—a yearning, ceaseless low it is, that tells strangely of suffering in the dumb, speechless mother. Fabian proves himself a father of modern critics, in his remark, "If this were played upon the stage now, I should condemn it as an improbable fiction." Don Pedro, who is evidently no connoisseur, listens to Balthazar's song, sung with his bad voice, while Benedict growls in his aside, "An he had been a dog that should

have howled thus, they would have hanged him." Autolycus sang "several tunes faster than you could tell money;" he was listened to, by his own account, "with no hearing, no feeling, but my Sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it." One of his ballads "is a passing merry one,—there's scarce a maid westward but she sings it; 'tis in request, I can tell you." Shallow "sang songs that the carmen whistled;" Slender "had rather than forty shillings, I had my book of songs and sonnets here." The Hundredth Psalm seems to have been a well-known melody, though barrel organs had not come up; it is spoken of in a simile of incongruity in Falstaff's words and disposition: they did "no more adhere and keep pla ce together, than the Hundredth Psalm to the tune of Green Sleeves." Without having heard the latter song, we can imagine the Old Hundredth would sound rather too cheerful to it. All this style of music—rather let us call it song singing—is about on a par with the poetry of lovers, —"Cry out, Ah me! couple but—love and dove." Such songs are ground on the organs and sung in the streets now-a-days; they have flitted in a careless hum by the ear of the composer, but having nothing either beautiful or musical about them, they do not affect us like the plaintive airs long familiar to us; so thinks Orsino, praying Cesario for

> "That piece of song,
> That old and antique song we heard last night:
> Methought it did relieve my passion much;
> More than light airs, and recollected terms
> Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times."

To think that the grand ancient days should ever be deemed "giddy-paced;" how it overturns all our received notions of the past. Our ancestors thought much the same of their time, when it was the present, as we do of ours in its reality and fulness, to those that live in it. We can understand the melancholy, entranced delight that, at another time, stole over Orsino, as the musicians ceased their music, and he said dreamily,—

"That strain again; it had a dying fall:
O! it came o'er my ear like the sweet South
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour."

But it would be endless to quote human feelings from works that teem with them, so subtly, wonderfully analysed, and so touchingly set out, that living hearts can but beat in response to those dead voices from suffering or joy, lowliness or pomp. "One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin;" not only the living with the living, but with all that once have lived. "The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together," and he who writ this knew it well, for his touches of life come from the happy, who hit "each object with a joy;" from the sad, who were "sick at heart," from the good and the wicked, the worldly and the simple. We can look into the past and see "the rich streams of lords and ladies" pass on, but we can see more than the encrowned brow, and can, from our hearts, pity those who were but "weeping Queens." We have striven to show that in all the wear of time, human life has its human interests, filling up the moments and hours of life, whiling time away in the interludes of both grief and joy; we have striven to show that the past had its very quiet, homely days, its griefs, its anxieties, its pleasure and its faults; its eras history will tell us—

"It is ten o'clock:
Thus may we see, quoth he, how the world wags:
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,
And after an hour more, 'twill be eleven:
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then from hour to hour, we rot and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale."

A Song.

You ask in vain! I cannot tell
  The feature in her face,
That binds me by its magic spell
To mark, to note, to search it well,
  And every beauty trace.

'Tis not her eyes, though they indeed
  Are bright—surpassing bright;
And little is the help they need
To fix the wav'ring sceptic's creed
  In beauty's magic might.

O what it is I cannot trace;
  But mighty is the spell
Which binds me to her lovely face,
Where all I ask of charm and grace
  In sweet expression dwell!

ÆT. 18.

A Few Specimens of Colonial Groans,

(Collected by Dr. Pangrumble.)

Ever since my childhood, I have been the willing receiver of all the complaints which others have wished to pour into my ear. The office, in fact, is an hereditary one; a long train of ancestors have handed it down to me from very early times: family records assure us of this fact; my semi-classic name will inform others, who have no access to those treasures, of the ancient foundation of my race. I bear the illustrious name of Pangrumble, and I am proud to affirm, that all allow me to be a worthy scion of my stock. I cling to my profession, therefore, by a kind of natural instinct; but I must also confess that I have ever had an exquisite pleasure (mingled, indeed, with some painful feeling) in listening to the groans of my fellow men. I have been always kept by this means in a state of gentle and delightful excitement, which has carried me on successfully through the various changes of life. It has been, also, somewhat gratifying (though of this I do not think much) to find myself the centre of a little court, where those who suppose themselves wronged pay me respect and homage. And the moral effect on myself, too, has been highly edifying. I have learned to view my own ups and downs in life with less disturbance, as I laughed (in my sleeve) at the groans of my numberless clients. And surely it is something to have opened a channel for pent-up grievances to flow in! I cannot forget what old Ovid says—

"Est aliquid, fatale malum per verba leværi."

"It's a little relief
To plump out with your grief."

I might say much more. I might point to the victories I have won for others, and the glory I have won for myself. But I forbear. Altogether, I feel happy, both in looking back on my past life, and in carrying on my great design of being the general receptacle of every grievance that man or woman can devise, and of pouring out the vials of my wrath in any direction which may suit my fancy.

My readers will not be surprised to hear that as soon as it was whispered abroad (for these things cannot be concealed in our society) that I intended to take part in this publication, I was inundated with applications to bring innumerable wrongs before the public, and to plead their cause in my well-known style. I have only, however, ventured to pick out a few private specimens, and have felt obliged to pass by many cases which I know would have caught general attention. I thought that it would not do to lay before the public, on this occasion, the applications which I have received from almost all the public men in the place. I own I should like to have done something for those who have held high office in the State, for Commissioners who are said to have done nothing, and for Commissioners who are said to have done too much; for newspaper editors who have nothing to write about, and for newspaper editors who are thought to have rather more than enough; for disappointed lovers (for there are no more public characters amongst us than they are), and for many others; but I leave them for more fitting opportunities. Of other applications I can only take a few from a drawer quite full of them, and hope they will serve as fair specimens of the ills on which I live. I will only make a few comments from time to time. The first groan was from a young woman:—

"Dear, dear Sir, — Please let my complaint appear in the book I hear you are going to write; I speak in behalf of self and five sisters. We are staying at some houses in this place (her innocent way of saying they are out in situations), and we

meet on Sundays under father's roof. It is not a large house, and as we all dress, according to our station, in the height (she means width, poor dear) of the fashion, you will be sure it's rather inconvenient. And when we go to Church, as we always do on very hot days, when really it is almost impossible to sit in the house, we find matters more inconvenient. We have tried several plans. Sometimes we sit on the edge of the forms, one behind another, and get the width of the passages to help us. Sometimes we try to get so seated that we may have twelve places for the six. But it is bad any way, and we want to know, can anything be done? There is a society, we hear, for building houses for the middle classes; perhaps the managers will think of this; and as to the churches, couldn't they somehow be made bigger? It is a great pity to make us wait for the Cathedral—because the dresses may be smaller before that's built, and besides, everybody will be obliged to go somewhere else before then, and then there'll be nobody to go.

"Yours, truly,

"FANNY CRINOLINE."

The next groan that came out of the drawer was from one of the other sex:—

"Slow's Single Gentlemen's Boarding House,

"Ah! Ma! Street, March 1, 1864.

"My dear Sir,—I am fearful of intruding on your time and patience, but I think my case is one that deserves your pity, and calls for your help. I am a shy young man of twenty-four, having fair prospects, and I must say rather unfair treatment. I have spent several years in this country, and, as long as I was quite young, very happy ones. I had the run of several pleasant houses, was called by my Christian name in the most easy manner, and was the favorite of all the young people in the place. During the first few years after seventeen or eighteen, I began to feel symptoms of a change. Mammas, who had begged me to come to their houses whenever I liked, did not seem to

wish to see me at all. Young ladies who had once been sisters to me, now mistered me in the most chilling tone. No more runs of the house for me, except papa was at home alone, and the ladies were all at the station. Fortunately, servants never stay long here, and so, when I do go to the houses, I have not the annoyance of being particularly snubbed by those who had known me in brighter days. But of course servants soon understand one's position, and are not particularly civil. It is rather humiliating to confess it, but I must say that I receive more kindness from the dogs about the place than from other creatures, and they seem to be fonder of me than ever. (I suspect that is from hearing him so often called a puppy behind his back, poor fellow!) Things came to a climax the other day, when I was introduced to a lady of fashion at the house of a kind friend, who, by the way, has got no daughters. You should have seen her draw herself up, and give me the cut decisive. There was no mistaking what she meant.—'You don't suppose I am going to know that young man, and have him dangling about our house, and making love to Cecilia and Ida. It's rather too much to expect.'

"Now surely, Dr. Pangrumble, this is harsh. I really don't want to marry their charming darlings. I only want a little innocent recreation after hard work up country. Can you suggest a remedy?

"Believe me, yours ever,

"Bob Lonely."

I am very sorry for poor Bob, but it can't be helped.

The next letter was signed "Ashley." I was disappointed to find that it did not come from one of our high aristocracy; but I give it as it stands:—

"Dear Sir,—Perceiving that you constitute yourself Solicitor-General to the Grumblers of Canterbury, I trust you will listen to the murmurings of a river. For many centuries I have been (though I say it who shouldn't) as pretty and peaceable a stream

as any going. True, I now and then got a little out of bounds, and made too strong a run upon the banks, but no harm was done; and if, in these later days, an occasional squatter was delayed by my pranks, he got entertainment somewhere (for we were hospitable then) and I believe rather enjoyed the detention. However, time went on, and settlers multiplied; and one day a number of them gathered together, and a mighty noise they made, as you men do when you take anything in hand (you don't see me and the Kowai getting together, and babbling till we think we're as big as the Pacific; but that's *your* way!), and they said "they'd bridge the Ashley." They began at last, and I laughed till I bubbled over at them;—such a flimsy thing, and such piles! I knew, as any sensible river would, that it couldn't stand, and I threw as much cold water upon it as I could in a friendly way; but they went on, and by-and-by it was done, and children ran over it and pebbled me—and I don't deny it made things look the brighter, though why they paid all that money just that the bairns might pebble me in mid-stream, instead of shying their stones from the bank, *I* don't know. But one day I got a message from the up-country; my friends there had got such a press of visitors from Cloud-land (whence we streams come and go at our will) that they couldn't take them in. What was to be done? They knew that I could bed the whole of them if I liked, and it wasn't likely I would let it be said that the Ashley was short of shingles. I own I trembled for the bridge; but I appeal to your hospitable Editor whether I didn't do as he would have done, in saying 'Come' to the poor creatures that had no margin left to meet their current expenses. They came, the whole *boiling* of them, on white horses, and such a pace! I roared till I was hoarse to bid them 'ware bridge;"—wear it they did, into lucifer matches! Down it went at the first touch, thumping me (its friend) till I was black and swollen for two days after; and if you did but know the incivilities I have endured since, you would allow my right to grumble. There came a slip of a Birch, and sat over me (as

if I, at my time of life, was a naughty schoolboy), to tell folks, forsooth, when the Ashley was 'high' and 'dangerous;' and from Monday till Saturday—and even Sunday too sometimes—it's nothing but 'This nasty Ashley!' 'The river's up again, bother it,' and such delicate flatteries. I tell you in confidence, Doctor, if they don't mind, I'll be off, and see where their fine Saltwater Creek will be then!

"Your obedient servant,

"ASHLEY."

I drew out several more letters, but I found them hardly deserving public attention. My friend Paterfamilias laments over his poor girls, and his unfortunate boys, and the crinoline at church. Mr. Jacob Usury complains that his anxiety to help those who are in distress is not appreciated, and declares that ever since he has been in business he has acted on the principle that charity ends at home, instead of the selfish maxim that charity begins there, and that he is determined always to carry out this noble idea. I pass over altogether a whole budget to the last letter in the drawer. It was as follows:—

"Dear Sir,—I never grumble or groan, and why I come to you I don't know, but if ever a poor creature had a right to do so, I am the woman. My husband read some wonderful papers sent home by his brother from Canterbury, about an Agricultural Show, and the weight of the sheep brought him out,—bringing his poor family to a land where the sheep are large, the houses small. I will say nothing of the voyage, the landing, or the journey to Christchurch. I have been here some months, and though not given to low spirits, am nearly worn to a shadow. I am informed, if I venture to make a remark to a friend on the hardships of my life, "Oh, it is nothing; *think* of what *we* endured—not a house, not a cart, not a servant; burnt out, washed out, blown out of our hut!" What comfort is that to me? I have, it is true, a pretty comfortable house, if one did not hear every sound, smell every bit of dinner, and get steamed on washing day. But I am not

given to grumbling, tho' I did keep my three servants at home, and my papa had more—but Mr. Wollyman never took his proper position. I used to know my neighbours at home, but here, no one knows me or comes to see me; a few made a formal call, and I may die of dulness for the next year or two, for when I say—"I do not think you are kind to new people!" I am told, "It takes some time to get into society in Canterbury!" And now comes my great trouble, my dear doctor, I am looking for a servant—not that this is a novelty.—I have had ten in three months. My first, whom I engaged at colonial wages, informed me she always liked the afternoons to herself; she, therefore, each day went out about five o'clock, returning about nine, and she always took the whole of each alternate Sunday. We parted at the end of a fortnight. Then came Biddy O'Shea, who had never seen a "flure," who cleaned my knives with blacklead, my silver with emery powder; who, failing to draw a fowl, sent it to table *au naturel*; on my observing that in England we took out the inside, she sent the next to table cut in half,—"Shure it was the only way to do it." Then came many others, only to depart; among them, young ladies who required Thursdays for their dancing lessons, whose friends, when I opened the door, asked for Miss Blank; others, who objected to get up before seven or eight, and others who read novels till daybreak; others who, when I once went from home, put the children to bed at five, and had a little dance; but I could bear it all if I could comfort myself with a little chat, but the ladies of Canterbury never talk of their servants or their neighbours; they are women of mind, and above such trifles. They have all their schemes or institutions; they cannot waste their energies on more than one object, and from what I see, are more or less opposed to each other's hobby. Then Mr. Woollyman is so happy; he has his pet sheep, his game at cricket, and his club; he gets up at five to look at the sheep, then comes back and sleeps till ten. He played in the great Match, for we had the All England Eleven here;—I could not see why good

honest Englishmen should be carried about by a showman, like wild beasts. And then the Club, no better than those hearth-destroyers at home, with their chef, their dinners of many covers, their billiard rooms, and easy chairs. Mr. Woollyman often has an appointment at half-past six (on business), and returns home looking as if he had dined. But I do not like grumbling, it is not my nature; still, if time were not so precious, I could tell a few more troubles that press on the temper of

"Your poor friend,

"CHARITY WOOLLYMAN."

But I must hasten to a conclusion. I have felt obliged in this paper to restrain myself from speaking out; now, without meaning any slight on this well-meant publication, I do not like its milk-and-water liberty of writing. I long to pitch into people on the right hand and on the left. Well, I have done my duty under the circumstances, but I feel that I have cast a shade on the name of

PANGRUMBLE.

The Lookers-on.

The name given by the Old Whalers to the Kaikora Mountains in New Zealand.

'Mid sounds of strife and scenes of blood,
And storms of passion unsubdued,
The ages passed, and there were none
Who deemed the deeds of horror done
Had Lookers-on.

But when from his adventurous prow
The seaman viewed those peaks of snow,
Kaikora's summits, stern and cold,
Awe-stricken he exclaimed "Behold!
"The Lookers-on!"

Undaunted, in his Master's name,
The Messenger of Mercy came;
Among a savage race his lot
He fearless cast, and heeded not
The Lookers-on.

But tribulation, toil, and pain
Vexing his heart, made death seem gain,
Till, pouring out his soul in prayer,
He saw, throned on the tranquil air,
The Lookers-on.

Then rolled the clouds of doubt away,
Dispersed before the perfect day;
For all things a new aspect wore
When seen in bright relief before
The Lookers-on.

May we, in all life's varied ills,
Lift up our heart unto the hills
Whence cometh help, and learn to know
Ev'n in the very depths of woe
The Lookers-on.

There is the cloud of witnesses
To soothe and cheer in our distress.
Faint not! for Heaven has pitying eyes,
And with our sorrows sympathise
The Lookers-on.

Faint not! for there shall come a day
When earth and heaven must pass away,
And we shall stand before the Throne,
And know, as we to them are known,
The Lookers-on.

THE END.

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